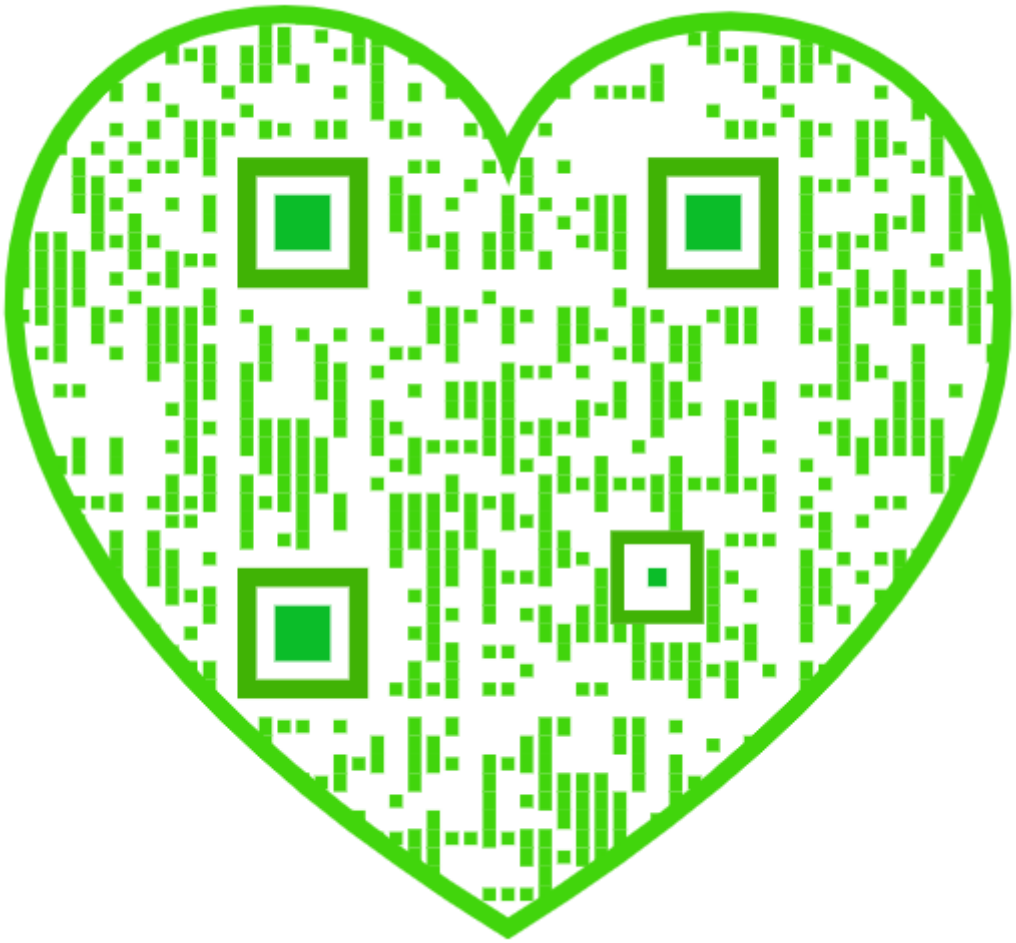
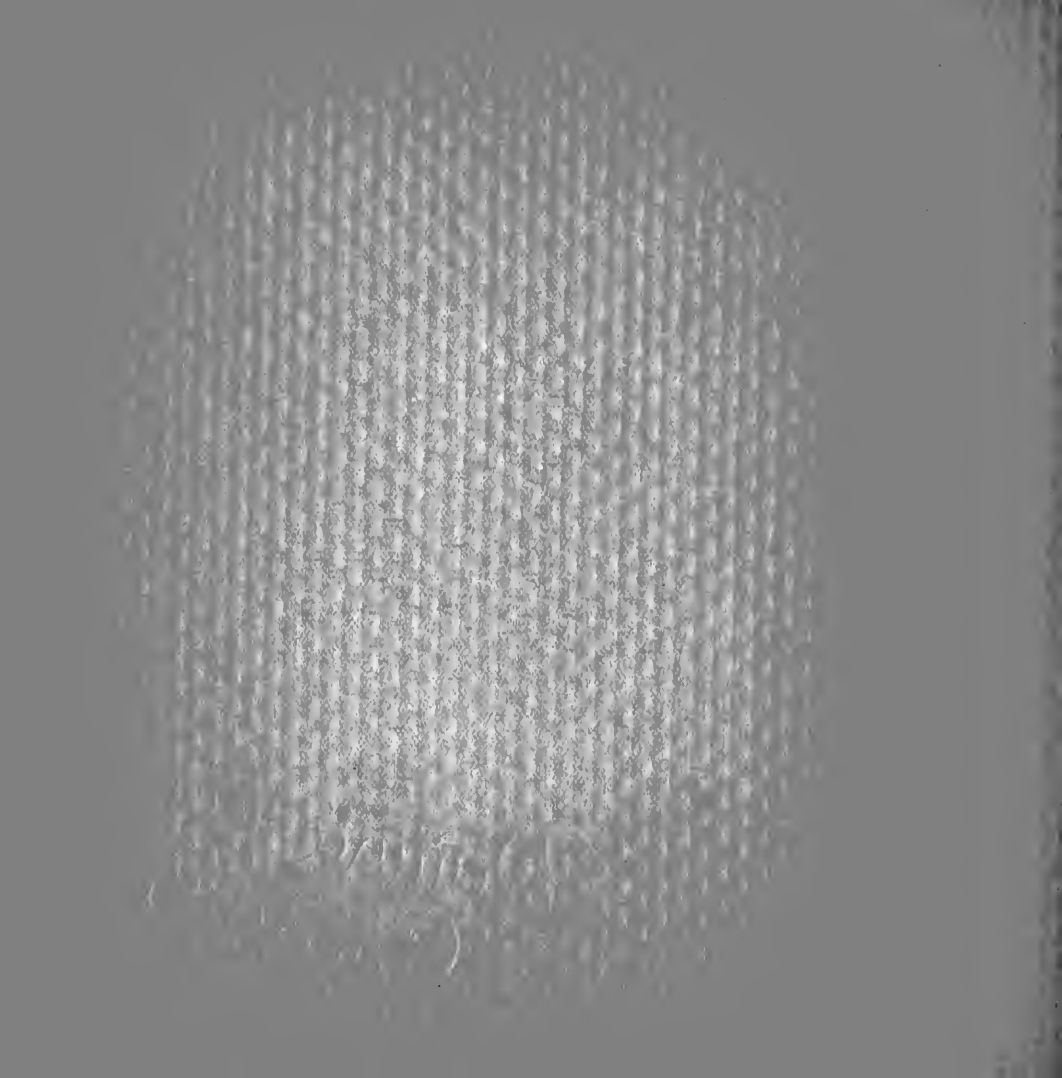
S 2359
162 W3



.M62W3

Waiting the Christmas-tide.



WAITING THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
OCT 14 1887
17661
CITY OF WASHINGTON

PS2359
.M62 W3

Copyright 1887
Hard & Parsons,
New York.

ACROSS the land that all the harvest
Season, yielded bounteous store.
That from the Spring 'till close of Autumn
Brightest colored garments wore;
Now the Christmas light is shining
From the glowing skies o'erhead.
On wood and corn-field, glade and meadow,
Robed in purest white instead.

ABOVE the low stone wall the brambles
Reach to clasp each other's hands.
While the wooden gate, neglected,
Open to the stranger stands.
Deserted now are trees and bushes
Whence the summer birds have fled.
Only where the owl slumbers
In the oak-tree's hollow bed.

THE generous snow, a heavy blanket
O'er the bed of wheat has lain,
To keep it warm until the Spring-time
Comes to wake the sleeping grain.
In the air a peaceful stillness
Reigns in blessing everywhere,
As of nature calmly resting
From her days of toil and care.

WITH folded hands in quiet waiting
For the blessing from above,
For the smile that beams from Heaven
Over all, in light and love.
For the holy time of promise,
Christmas time of peace and cheer,
When the earth is filled with gladness
And the Angels hover near.

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 863 638 4

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 863 638 4